



# Fog



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## Chapter 1 by Magnolia

For the first time since the end of last year, I heard the crows squawk outside my bedroom window. I woke up with a start at their yelling. Crawling out of my bed, I looked out my window to see a foggy morning day. I stretched and greeted the day by opening my window. The air was still crisp with the death of winter, but warmly touched my skin at the same time.

Pulling my clothes on, I continued my morning routine as normal, opening all the windows I passed. Within ten minutes, the stuffiness of my house was retreating out the windows and was replaced with the smell of fresh air and the sound of more birds waking up.

I felt my dry skin soak up the fog as I started a cup of coffee. I listened to all the birds that had made their way back from the south. The variety of the sounds broke the silence of my house like a warm knife through butter.

As I stepped onto my lawn and felt my feet sink into the soggy ground as my feet moistened by the dew on the reviving grass blades.

I looked to the bare trees that were starting to once again gain their famed beauty of spring. I

looked around me, but my vision was stunted by the fallen clouds of fog. I breathed in to rejuvenate my lungs and body with the fresh air brought by spring.

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seemed to make the world unbalanced.

The lights in others' houses were not yet on as I covered the ground that was very easy to dig in.

Upon heading home, I put away my shovel and walked in, taking one more breath of the air that was much more balanced now. I had done my deed and successfully balanced the scales of life.

After washing myself of the earth, I climbed back into bed; my job completed.

I slipped into a silent slumber with the calmness of an infant child. No longer did I feel the overwhelming pressures of the living. Now, I had created an air of the opposite.

I trusted the fog to conceal this air, because Earth needs people to help create a balance and to do the deeds it is incapable of doing. That deed has fallen upon me for years, and I will continue to do so until I myself am used to create this blissful balance again.

The crows no longer spoke that day and they were missing the next. I kind of missed their company, but it's fine. I'll see them next year.

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